

Th' midd' of a th' body, idle and vnactive,
Still cubbordering the Viand, neuer bearing
Like labour with the rest, where th' other Instruments
Did see, and heare, deuise, instruct, walke, seele,
And mutually participate, did minister
Vnto the appetite; and affection common
Of the whole body, the Belly answer'd.

2. *Cit.* Well fir, what answer made the Belly,

Men. Sir, I shall tell you with a kinde of Smile,
Which ne're came from the Lungs, but euen thus:
For looke you I may make the belly Smile,
As well as speake, it taintingly replied
To th' discontented Members, the mutinous parts
That enuied his receite: euen so most fitly,
As you maligne our Senators, for that
They are not such as you.

2. *Cit.* Your Bellies answer: What
The Kingly crown'd head, the vigilant eye,
The Counsaillor Heart, the Arme our Souldier,
Our Steed the Legge, the Tongue our Trumpeter,
With other Muniments and petty helps
In this our Fabrick, if that they

Men. What then? For me, this Fellow speakes,
What then? What then?

2. *Cit.* Should by the Cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sinke a th' body.

Men. Well, what then?

2. *Cit.* The former Agents, if they did complaine,
What could the Belly answer?

Men. I will tell you,

If you'll bestow a small (of what you haue little)
Patience awhile; you'll heare the Bellies answer.

2. *Cit.* Y'are long about it.

Men. Note me this good Friend;
Your most graue Belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his Accusers, and thus answered.
True is it my Incorporate Friends (quoth he)
That I receiue the generall Food at first
Which you do liue vpon: and fit it is,
Because I am the Store-house, and the Shop
Of the whole Body. But, if you do remember,
I send it through the Riuer of your blood
Euen to the Court, the Heart, to th' leate o'th' Braine,
And through the Crankes and Offices of man,
The strongest Nerues, and small inferiour Veines
From me receiue that naturall competencie
Whereby they liue. And though that all at once
(You my good Friends, this sayes the Belly) marke me.

2. *Cit.* I fir, well, well.

Men. Though all at once, cannot
See what I do deliuer out to each,
Yet I can make my Awdit vp, that all
From me do backe receiue the Flowre of all,
And leaue me but the Bran. What say you too't?

2. *Cit.* It was an answer, how apply you this?

Men. The Senators of Rome, are this good Belly,
And you the mutinous Members: For examine
Their Counsailes, and their Care; digest things rightly,
Touching the Weale a'th Common, you shall finde
No publique benefit which you receiue
But it proceeds, or comes from them to you,
And no way from your selues. What do you thinke?
You, the great Toe of this Assembly?

2. *Cit.* I the great Toe? Why the great Toe?

Men. For that being one o'th' lowest, basest, poorest
Of this most wise Rebellion, thou goest formost:

Thou Rascall, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first to win some vantage,
But make you ready your stiffe bars and clubs,
Rome, and her Rats, are at the point of battell,
The one side must haue baile.

Enter Caius Martius.

Hayle, Noble Martius.

Mar. Thanks. What's the matter you dissentious rogues
That rubbing the poore Itch of your Opinion,
Make your selues Scabs.

2. *Cit.* We haue euer your good word.

Mar. He that will giue good words to thee, will flatter
Beneath abhorring. What would you haue, you Curres,
That like nor Peace, nor Warre? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should finde you Lyons, findes you Hares:
Where Foxes, Geese you are: No surer, no,
Then is the coale of fire vpon the Ice,
Or Hailstone in the Sun. Your Vertue is,
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
And curse that Iustice did it. Who deserves Greatnes,
Deserues your Hate: and your Affections are
A sickmans Appetite; who desires most that
Which would encrease his euill. He that depends
Vpon your fauours, swimmes with finnes of Leade,
And hewes downe Oakes, with rushes. Hang yee trusty
With euery Minute you do change a Minde,
And call him Noble, that was now your Hate:
Him vilde, that was your Garland. What's the matter,
That in these feuerall places of the Citie,
You cry against the Noble Senate, who
(Vnder the Gods) keepe you in awe, which else
Would feede on one another? What's their seeking?

Men. For Corne at their owne rates, whereof they say
The Citie is well stor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em: They say?

They'll sit by th' fire, and presume to know
What's done i'th Capitoll: Who's like to rise,
Who thrives, & who declines: Side factions, & giue out
Coniecturall Marriages, making parties strong,
And feebling such as stand not in their liking,
Below their cobled Shooes. They say ther's grain enough
Would the Nobility lay aside their ruth,
And let me vse my Sword, I'd make a Quarrie
With thousands of these quarter'd slaues, as high
As I could picke my Lance.

Men. Nay these are almost thoroughly perswaded:
For though abundantly they lacke discretion
Yet are they passing Cowardly. But I beseech you,
What sayes the other Troope?

Mar. They are dissol'd: Hang 'em;
They said they were an hungry, sigh'd forth Prouerbes,
That Hunger-broke stone wals: that dogges must eate
That meate was made for mouths. That the gods sent not
Corne for the Richmen onely: With these threats
They vented their Complaining, which being answer'd
And a petition granted them, a strange one,
To breake the heart of generosity,
And make bold power looke pale, they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the hornes a'th Moone,
Shooting their Emulation.

Men. What is graunted them?

Mar. Five Tribunes to defend their vulgar wildom
Of their owne choice. One's Innins Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not. Sdeath,

The rabble should haue first vnroo'd the City
Ere so preuayl'd with me; it will in time
Win vpon power, and throw forth greater Theames
For Insurrections arguing.

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go get you home you Fragments.

Enter a Messenger hastily.

Mess. Where's Caius Martius?

Mar. Heere: what's the matter?

Mess. The newes is fit, the Volcies are in Armes.

Mar. I am glad on't, then we shall haue meanes to vent
Our mustie superfluity. See our best Elders.

Enter Sicinius Velutus, Annulus Brutus Cominius, Titus
Lartius, with other Senators.

1. *Sen.* Martius 'tis true, that you haue lately told vs,
The Volces are in Armes.

Mar. They haue a Leader,
Tullius Aufidius that will put you too't:

I liue in enuying his Nobility:

And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wish me onely he.

Com. You haue fought together?

Mar. Were halfe to halfe the world by th' eares, & he
vpon my partie, I'de reuolt to make
Onely my warres with him. He is a Lion
That I am proud to hunt.

1. *Sen.* Then worthy Martius,

Attend vpon Cominius to these Warres.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir it is,
And I am constant: Titus Lucius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullius face.

What art thou stiffe? Stand'st out?

Tit. No Caius Martius,
He leane vpon one Crutch, and fight with rother,
Ere stay behinde this Bussinesse.

Men. Oh true-bred.

Sen. Your Company to th' Capitoll, where I know
Our greatest Friends attend vs.

Tit. Lead you on: Follow Cominius, we must followe
you, right worthy you Priority.

Com. Noble Martius.

Sen. Hence to your homes, be gone.

Mar. Nay let them follow,
The Volces haue much Corne: take these Rats thither,
To gnaw their Garners. Worshipfull Mutiners,
Your valour puts well forth: Pray follow. *Exeunt.*

Citizens steale away. *Manet Sicin. & Brutus.*

Sicin. Was euer man so proud as is this Martius?

Brut. He has no equall.

Sicin. When we were chosen Tribunes for the people.

Brut. Mark'd you his lip and eyes.

Sicin. Nay, but his taunts.

Brut. Being mou'd, he will not spare to gird the Gods.

Sicin. Bemocke the modest Moone.

Brut. The present Warres deuoure him, he is growne
Too proud to be so valiant.

Sicin. Such a Nature, tickled with good successe, dis-
daines the shadow which he treads on at noone, but I do
wonder, his insolence can brooke to be commanded vn-
der Cominius?

Brut. Fame, at the which he aymes,
In whom already he's well grac'd, cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd then by

A place below the first: for what mis-carries
Shall be the Generals fault, though he performe
To th' utmost of a man, and giddy centure
Will then cry out of Martius: Oh, if he
Had borne the bussinesse.

Sicin. Besides, if things go well,

Opinion that so stickes on Martius, shall

Of his demerits rob Cominius.

Brut. Come; halfe all Cominius Honors are to Martius

Though Martius earn'd them not: and all his faults

To Martius shall be Honors, though indeed

In ought he merit not.

Sicin. Let's hence, and heare

How the dispatch is made, and in what fashion

More then his singularity, he goes

Vpon this present Action.

Brut. Let's along. *Exeunt.*

Enter Tullius Aufidius with Senators of Corioli.

1. *Sen.* So, your opinion is Aufidius,
That they of Rome are entred in our Counsailes,
And know how we proceede,

Auf. Is it not yours?

What euer haue bin thought one in this State
That could be brought to bodily act, ere Rome
Had circumuention: 'tis not foure dayes gone
Since I heard thence, these are the words, I thinke
I haue the Letter heere: ycs, heere it is;
They haue prest a Power, but it is not knowne
Whether for East or West: the Dearth is great,
The people Mutinous: And it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Martius, your old Enemy
(Who is of Rome worse hated then of you)
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three leade on this Preparation
Whether 'tis bent: most likely, 'tis for you:
Consider of it.

1. *Sen.* Our Armie's in the Field:
We neuer yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer vs.

Auf. Nor did you thinke it folly,
To keepe your great pretences vayl'd, till when
They needs must shew themselves, which in the hatching
It seem'd appear'd to Rome. By the discouery,
We shalbe shortned in our ayme, which was
To take in many Townes, ere (almost) Rome
Should know we were a-foot.

2. *Sen.* Noble Aufidius,
Take your Commission, hyc you to your Bands,
Let vs alone to guard Corioles

If they set downe before's: for the remove

Bring vp your Army: but (I thinke) you'll finde

Th' haue not prepar'd for vs.

Auf. O doubt not that,

I speake from Certainties. Nay more,

Some parcels of their Power are forth already,

And onely hitherward. I leaue your Honors.

If we, and Caius Martius chance to meete,

'Tis sworn betwene vs, we shall euer strike

Till one can do no more.

All. The Gods assist you.

Auf. And keepe your Honors safe.

1. *Sen.* Farewell.

2. *Sen.* Farewell.

All. Farewell. *Exeunt omnes.*